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fall of his brother at Waterloo, was seeking a residence in America, he offered one hundred thousand dollars for an estate at Rye. His offer was not accepted, and he established himself at Bordentown in New Jersey. Lafayette, who had doubtless often passed through the place in the war, was there again in 1824, and at that time an interview took place there between him and Mrs. Thomas, widow of Major-General Thomas of the Revolutionary Army, not of the one who died in 1776 in Canada, who was from Kingston, Mass., but another of the West Chester family.

This volume will find a welcome with many who from other parts of our country look back to that neighborhood as the land of their nativity or that of their fathers. Its value will be especially appreciated by antiquarians and all diligent inquirers of times past. Even to those who only know the place from his graphic descriptions and plans that explain them, Mr. Baird affords a very distinct idea of the spot. His subject is judiciously disposed, the style is simple and scholarly, and the incidents sufficiently interesting to engage attention and reward it. When a publication of this nature is good enough to deserve a place in our libraries, the information it contains is ever in request, and it is sure of a wide circle of readers.

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9. — *Sketches from America*. By JOHN WHITE. London: Sampson, Low, Low, and Marston. 1870. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 373.

THE time was, and that not many years ago, when the American continent and its inhabitants were to the European reading public almost a *terra incognita*. The educated man of the Old World, and especially of England, hardly ever came here, unless upon business, without the intention, more or less distinctly defined, of making a book of his experiences. As a rule, too, these observers, when they carried out their designs, strictly followed the advice of the elder Weller to Mr. Pickwick in regard to abusing us sufficiently. In the case of the English authors this peculiarity was accompanied by another, eminently characteristic of their nationality; after indulging towards America, and all men and things American, in as much contempt, dislike, and ridicule as they could command, — the whole laid on with that peculiar *de haut en bas* British self-sufficiency which no other people can imitate, — after keel-hauling us, as it were, and flogging us round the fleet, and, finally, rubbing the essence of intellectual brine into our lacerated feelings, — after indulging in all these little amusements, the entertainment generally concluded with an exhibition of most innocent surprise and pity that, as a people, we could be so thin-skinned and

sensitive as to cry out against what others said of us. John Bull never seemed to remember that we were a young and struggling people; that we had our way to make and could not as yet tell our own story. Sydney Smith sneered out his famous query as to "who reads an American book?" and men whose books were read wherever the English tongue was spoken, men like Moore and Marryat and Dickens, came and went, and depicted the nation which had no spokesman and no audience as if it also had no feelings. No one in this country will now deny that Americans were, and perhaps still are, too sensitive to this sort of criticism. After all, however, such thinness of skin is not peculiar to the New World. It was long before we could fairly retaliate in kind; for there did not soon appear on this side of the Atlantic any writer the keenness and recognized power of whose pen placed us upon a footing of complete equality with our eternal critics. He came at last, and at once the tables were turned, — those who had so long and so serenely lectured others upon the folly of being sensitive, and deplored the discomfort of the thin-skinned aliens, these same people could not fume and sputter sufficiently when the bitter draught was returned to their own lips. The paroxysms of wrath and indignation and protest of the British public and the British press over Hawthorne's exquisitely humorous and truthful portrayal of "Mrs. Bull" in "Our Old Home" will not soon be forgotten either in England or America: it was a Zama for many Cannæes. It marked the settlement of an account. At that time G. A. Sala, as a special correspondent, was abusing the "universal Yankee nation" regularly and in the approved old style; he did not draw; the preponderance of metal was distinctly on the other side. The British mind then passed into a new vein of criticism of a much higher order, and to this class of work belongs Mr. John White's "Sketches from America."

Mr. White is evidently a young man, and the title of his book also tells us that he is a fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. He is one, therefore, of that class of educated young Englishmen who amuse themselves by turning up in out-of-the-way places all the world over, and who follow game and seek adventure wherever the one or the other are to be found.

What Mr. White came to America for does not very distinctly appear from his book. It might have been to prepare a report upon Canada for the Colonial Office, for it is to the condition of affairs in the Dominion that he seems to have devoted most attention. It is wholly unnecessary, however, to follow him into his careful study of provincial politics. Such are rarely interesting, and in the case of the Canadas they are peculiarly otherwise. The Canadians seem singu-

larly faithful to their English model. The Dominion has its land question, like the mother country, and also its church question, — neither of them easily understood. There is also the question of race, and the question of confederation ; finally, and above and beyond all, are the questions of independence and of annexation. On all these topics, as well as upon the questions of physique, of climate, of scenery, and of soil, Mr. White has a good deal to say, and he says it concisely and thoughtfully. While, therefore, this part of the volume is of wider interest to Canadians than to Americans, it still contains a body of good thought and useful information for the last, which can nowhere else be obtained in an equally accessible form.

The portion of Mr. White's book so far referred to is didactic, but by no means always entertaining ; when he comes to dealing with "the States" and "the citizens of the great Republic" he makes no attempt to instruct, but sets out with the simple view of recounting a very lively episode in his travels, which he evidently enjoyed very much himself and which he takes enjoyment in describing. Naturally, being in this frame of mind, and having a clear simple style and a well-developed sense of humor, he contrives to make his readers share in his enjoyment. Intent upon going to the West and seeing Chicago, the prairies, the Mississippi, a grain-elevator, a railroad, and the other like objects of interest in that region, he heard one day of a party of newspaper writers bound on an excursion from Chicago to the end of the then uncompleted Pacific Railway. It was suggested to him that he should make himself one of the party. As he was in no way connected with any newspaper, he met with some difficulty at first in getting himself admitted into the fraternity, but at last a pious fraud overcame all obstacles. He pronounced himself the correspondent of some English or Irish paper, which appears in his account of the trip as "The Orange War-Cry," published in the town of "Kilpapist." Thus accredited, he started off for the plains in company with about a hundred and fifty editors and correspondents, on one of those great excursion trains composed of "palace cars" and "hotel cars," "sleepers" and "Pullmans," such as are only possible in America. So many descriptions of similar excursions, and indeed of this particular one, have already been given to the public, that it would seem as though little could be left to say upon the subject. Here, however, was an educated young Oxonian, roughing it on the plains with a motley crew of newspaper writers ; his impressions could not but be worth having, if he only had the faculty of conveying them to others, and this he had. Not much that is novel can be said of a run in the cars across the prairies, and the author wisely does not attempt it. He gives his impressions very

naturally and in few words, but devotes his energies more particularly to describing the *matériel* of the excursion. Of course it was largely made up of generals and colonels and majors and captains; this was inevitable, for, since the war, the rage for military titles has assumed proportions throughout the West even more alarming than formerly, and the rank and file has wholly ceased to exist. Most of these men had, however, fairly earned the titles they bore, nor does the author indulge in any of the usual sneers at his companions in this respect. There was, however, on this occasion, an exception to the general rule as regards military titles, and, indeed, a very important one; this particular excursion was graced by the presence of no less a person than the distinguished and irrepressible Mr. George Francis Train, who made himself the soul of the party. Mr. Train neither was, nor pretended to be, in any way associated with the press, but rules intended to secure the exclusion of ordinary mortals had no potency as against him. "In vain was it explained to him, with all possible clearness and point, that the excursion was only for writers. He is a man who rises superior to hints, and who, whether he wants to provide himself with amusement by getting into a party, or to make political capital by getting into a jail, generally does what he wants." That the editors would, however, have deprived themselves of a large part of their entertainment by excluding the late inmate of a "British Bastile" soon became very evident; he was buffoon in chief to the party. One instance of his proficiency in this capacity, as told by Mr. White, is very amusing. At North Platte they encountered a body of Ogalalla Indians, who were living near the fort and under the protection of the government. The correspondents at once seized with professional ardor on this opportunity of "interviewing" the "noble red man," and a formal "palaver" was improvised. Colonel S——, the spokesman of the party, first addressed "Big Mouth," the chief of the tribe, in a set speech which was discoursed to him through an interpreter; what ensued can best be given in Mr. White's own language:—

"Big Mouth began to reply as soon as the interpreter ceased, speaking in his own Indian tongue. It would be hard to exaggerate the calm dignity, the strong self-reliance of his manner. His bearing was the bearing not only of a gentleman, but of a very haughty one, who liked to be respected and was used to it. . . . Then our jester, Mr. Train, who had been unusually quiet for some time, advanced into the middle of the circle. "Gentlemen," said he, "I don't think very much of the speech just made by our good friend in the red skin. I flatter myself that I can make you an infinitely more startling address, and in the very same language; and immediately he commenced a speech

in the loudest and most impetuous gibberish, with the wildest and most extravagant gestures, jumping, flinging his arms abroad, tearing his hair, and rolling his eyes in a manner peculiar to himself. Probably it would have been impossible to go through any buffoonery more keenly insulting to the feelings of Indians. None of them at all relaxed the gravity of their expressions, and Big Mouth himself said to the interpreter, as that functionary afterwards repeated to us, 'I know that is no real language.' When Mr. Train had run down, an Indian dance was called for. A war-dance was what we desired; but the chief objected, saying it was contrary to the usages of his tribe to dance their war-dance, unless somebody had been killed and scalped. Of course Mr. Train immediately proposed that somebody should be killed and scalped on the spot; but the general voice was raised in favor of the best performance attainable, without having recourse to human sacrifice. Two young red-skins stepped out for the dance. . . . All the red-skins looked as if they had quite forgotten that it was a mere exhibition got up to order, and that they and it were surrounded by observers; as you looked at their excited faces and movements, growing more and more eager and wild with animation, as you listened to the cries, growing quicker and sharper and louder, it was hard not to imagine that the dance had some real significance for them, and was the expression of a feeling that mastered them the more the more it got utterance, — so rapt and so enkindled and so utterly relieved from self-consciousness did the whole wild assembly appear. After the grave performance came the burlesque; after the savage, civilized man took the stage; Mr. Train was again to have his turn. Advancing again into the centre, he assured us that he thought as little of Indian dancing as of Indian speaking; as he had competed with the latter in eloquence, so he would compete with the former in elegance. Whereupon he took off his coat, bent his tall body nearly double, and in that posture commenced capering round and round the circle, flinging his legs out in the most grotesque manner, and uttering yelps, barks, and howls in comparison with which the Indian cries were notes at once most quiet and melodious. Probably, with the single exception of the gibberish speech in imitation of Big Mouth's address, this performance was quite the most offensive to Indians that human ingenuity could devise; but that it was much more ludicrous than any comic dancing to be seen upon any stage must be readily and freely conceded. The editors, however much shocked, fairly shouted and screamed with laughing. . . . Big Mouth, indeed, and the elder men, looked on with that unmoved composure which might almost have led you to suppose that they saw nothing odd in the performance. But the younger men and the

women could not keep their countenances at all ; and I particularly observed one elderly and portly squaw, who, after vainly struggling with her emotions, broke down and shook all over with merriment. When Mr. Train, by prolonged caperings, had exhausted even his wonderful bodily powers (for he is a man of fine figure and very remarkable strength), we moved off towards the train, musing much by the way on the superiority of white men to red."

Leaving the Indians, the excursion train passed along over the great inland table-land, catching glimpses now and then of the old Mormon emigrant trail, marked here and there with bleaching bones ; they paused at Julesburg, "usually called by Western men the 'roughest place on this side of hell,' and thoroughly deserving its reputation," and then came to where the road ended, and where the construction parties were laying several miles of track each day. Here, after being duly photographed, as a matter of course, the party divided ; the larger portion returning to Chicago and carrying Mr. Train with them, while a few adventurous spirits, of whom Mr. White was one, pressed forward as best they could to Denver and the mountains. The description of this portion of the journey is very fresh and lively, full of keen appreciation both of men and nature, and even more new to Americans than to English. The following is certainly very entertaining reading, especially to any one who has himself had any similar experience :—

"In preparing for our long drive to Denver, our party had been organizing itself in American fashion. Not only was a certain gallant colonel commanding, as aforesaid, but a commissariat had been formed, and a number of officials duly chosen. There was the purveyor of bread and ham, the purveyor of coffee, the general superintendent of cookery, — a whole ministry, in fact, so provided with assistants and deputies and subordinates, that I was almost alone in my exclusion from place. Besides claiming immunity as an alien, I had pleaded personal unfitness for the responsibilities of office. Our party, like a perfected organism, directly we came to a halt, proceeded to the discharge of its several functions by the co-operation of its several parts. The deputy-assistant fire-lighter got together wood, and, aided by superiors in his department, lit a respectable watch-fire on the prairie. Then the purveyor of coffee got out his stores, recently purchased in Cheyenne ; and a thrill of horror ran through the assembly on finding that the coffee was in the bean. Then the representative of Europe was forced into office as 'coffee-grinder general.' But how was one to grind ? The nearest coffee-mill was undoubtedly at Cheyenne. The next nearest, in all probability, at Denver, not less than a hundred

miles off. Luckily one of our party, a missionary from India, lately turned editor of a religious paper in the West, a man taught by his sacred profession to feel for all human distress, came to comfort and relieve me. He had seen coffee ground in the Himalayas by being tied up in a handkerchief and pounded with a stone. We tried the plan eagerly, and we declared it a success. Emptying the coffee thus ground into a coffee-pot, we stood by the watch-fire awaiting the result. Tired editors thronged around, almost equally anxious. We had to plead hard, that the decoction should be allowed its fair time for boiling, so sanguine and keen were the bystanders. Then a tin mug was got from the ranch, and the colonel in command was bidden to taste. 'Well, did it boil, do you think? Is it good?' asked many voices at once. He answered, without enthusiasm, 'Yes, I guess it boiled. It's hot enough any way. But'—addressing us in particular—'are you quite sure you put the coffee in at all?' Of course we had put the coffee in; and we looked in an appealing way to the next taster, to vindicate us. He stopped drinking suddenly, pressed his hand on his throat, whence a strange gurgling sound was proceeding, and said, with impeded utterance, 'Yes, there 's coffee in it surely. I've just swallowed a coffee-bean. I rather guess it'll choke me yet!' Then the coffee-grinder general was scowled at all round; and as, in those days, there was no good English precedent for a minister clinging to office against a hostile majority, he at once threw up his place, not again to abandon the ease of private life."

And so Mr. White trudged on to Denver, walking before the wagons with any one who would bear him company. At Denver the party was received with great honor and entertained at a banquet, while the correspondent of "*The War-Cry*" was edified by the Denverites on the subject of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's book and the famous "*Bob Wilson*,"—a piece of information which he evidently retails for Mr. Dixon's benefit with great suppressed enjoyment. "*Bob*," it seems, is a wag, and Mr. Dixon is a gentleman of great credulity; but since Mr. Dixon's book got to America, "*Bob*," it would appear, has led the life of a dog in Denver; Western "*chaff*" is not refined. Of course, being an Englishman, Mr. White had to ascend Gray's Peak, or some other mountain; having done this, and afterwards had a narrow escape from being lost and frozen in a snow-storm on the prairies during one of his long tramps, he got back to Chicago just one month from the day he left it. It is with the events of this single month out of his stay in this country that he fills up all he has to say of us; by so doing he has contrived to make up a lively book on a trite subject, and leaves us before we are tired of his company.